

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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BE NOT ANXIOUS FOR THE MORROW

"SUFFICIENT unto the day is the evil thereof."
as it is written in the modern New Testament,
Let each day be content with its own ills."

In ancient history when Abraham was called
by God to leave his home and friends and go into
a strange country, he was troubled and anxious,
fearful that he might not make a success; fearful
that the climate would not agree with his family;
fearful of many outcomes of the change. Then
God uttered for the first time these wonderful,
far-reaching words: "Fear not, Abraham, I am
thy shield and thy exceeding great reward."
And all down through the ages that call has been
sounded, "Fear not!"

We have not learned and heeded the full
meaning of the word "fear." The Bible is full
of incidents where fear in the hearts of men
produced disaster. It is equally full of promises
by which, if we will believe and appropriate unto
ourselves, will drive all fear and worry from us.
Americans have the reputation of being specialists
on worry. S. D. Gordon says, "Worry is carrying
tomorrow's load with today's strength; carrying
two days in one." There is just one "today."
Are we forgetting that there is a Creator over all,
who has the responsibility of the world on His
shoulders; and who, needing our coöperation to
carry on His work, promises us that we need not
fear? Jesus says, "Be not anxious." Are you
not of more account than the fields so beautifully
clothed with grass, the wild flowers so tenderly
cared for? Do not worry about tomorrow's
needs and cares, but let your first concern be
your uprightness before Him, and you will have
all these other things. When the business man
has reverses and a hundred disturbing happenings
every day, naturally he wonders how he will
meet tomorrow. But when *tomorrow comes*, it
is again *today*.

"Build a little fence of trust around today;

Fill the space with living work and therein stay;
Look not through the sheltering bars upon
tomorrow;

God will help thee bear what comes of joy or
sorrow."

Some one has said how wonderful it is that
God, loving and knowing us so well, divided the
years into months and the months into weeks
and days, and the days into hours and minutes,
so that our burdens would be borne only a little
while at a time. Can you imagine a mother with
her husband and six sons in the war, and her face
continually radiating sweetness and peace; or
a mother, whose son and daughter were in the
China Boxer Revolution, and for three months
did not know whether they were dead or in the
hands of the Boxers? When the news came that
they had been burned to death, the latter said,
"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the
church." Her face was ever the personification
of quietness of mind, of holy peace.

"It is easy enough to be pleasant

When life goes on with a song;

But the man worth while,

Is the one with a smile,

When everything goes dead wrong."

It is not great cares and trouble which are the
greatest test, but the multitude of cares in our
everyday lives. How may we acquire a quiet-
ness of mind, without fear and worry? God
says in Isaiah 30: 15, "In returning and rest
shall ye be saved, in quietness and confidence
shall be your strength"; and in Isaiah 32: 17,
"The work of righteousness shall be peace;
and the effect of righteousness, quietness and
assurance forever." Isaiah* 26: 3.—"Thou

wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee because he trusteth in Thee."

Sometimes we feel that we should not bother God, Our Father, with "little" things that trouble us. There are no little things with God. What concerns us, He is interested in, because He cares for us. Peter said, "Casting all your care on Him for He careth for you." Another reads it "because He has you on His heart." Had God not had us on His heart, as we know, He would not have expressed His love through His Son; cannot we lay our burdens at His feet and leave them with Him, who so cares for us? When your little child was learning to walk, and you held out your arms to him and said "Come," the little one came because he knew your love and trusted you. So Jesus says to all "who are weary," and who is not one time or another, also "heavy laden," either with family, business, or financial cares, "come and I will give you rest." This rest is the rest that comes from not worrying. This rest means quietness and assurance through everything. This means peace; peace that comes from putting first things first; peace that comes from studying the Savior's life and words; peace that comes from putting your trust in the *lifting* power of the Son of God to take away *fear*, the power to lift you up and out of worry, the power for you to trust God, and to know that "all things work together for good to them who love God."

God always gives us strength enough for the day, as He gives it with all that He puts into it; but if we insist on dragging back tomorrow's cares and piling them on top of today's, our strength will not be enough for the load. God will not add strength just to humour our whims of anxiety and distrust. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." This trust and rest will drive away worry, will give you peace, the peace that passeth all understanding. May we hear Jesus saying unto each of us, "Do not worry," "Come unto Me and I will give you quietness," and hearing let us go. *A. W. M., in The Gideon.*

THE MOUNTAINS ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM

As the strong love of God enfolds His own
—And who is not His own?—the mountains
guard

Jerusalem, throne after glittering throne,
Opal and pearl and amethyst and sard.

And when at times tumultuous rush of rain
Has blurred them into melting mist, nay, more,
Blotted them out, their unseen ranks remain,
Shielding God's city even as before.

—Katherine Lee Bates, in "*The Pilgrim Ship*."

"I DIDN'T see you in church last Sunday."

"Don't doubt it. I took up the collection."

Bucknell Belle Hop.

CLOSING OUT DAYS

IN the twilight the Pleiades are shining, and the great suns of Orion are rising, so that I know November is here. I make haste to blot out all that I said of the other months save April only, and declare that this is the year's high holiday. . . .

What compares with the soft reds and crimsons and purples and browns, softened and mellowed by the ineffable haze of Indian summer? Seen across a marsh, all brown with wasted grasses, or grey with plumes of seeded goldenrod, and below a sky, soft, distant, pale, there is no vista more to be desired as closing out the world at the orchard's end. . . . There is no need to care if the garden is hidden by the fallen maple leaves, for the day of the red oaks is not here until All Saints' Summer has come. . . .

It is in the early November that we recover our joy in the forgotten beauty of the evergreens. When beechen leaves were unfolding we did not notice how the pines were pushing out whorls of delicate needles; and when we were absorbed in the waving of green birch boughs we did not mark the firs or the hemlocks. Now they are old friends welcomed back. . . .

And these are the days of the frank avowal of the secrets of the nests of birds. Who knew that on the tip of the maple bough hung the cuplike nest of the vireo? Who guessed that high in the elm the oriole had hung his tossing cradle? A walk across the lawn will convince one that he is not its only tenant, nor has he the fairest lodging or the nimblest air. . . .

Over certain hedges the feathery clematis is tossing her grey seed clusters, and over others the bittersweet is twisting his tight cordage covered with brilliant berries. . . . Now is the solitary reign of the chrysanthemum, the golden flower which art has coaxed into wearing many colors besides the name one. . . . Under sunward eaves of grey farmhouses, along the grape arbors of village yards, close to boundary fences. . . . Suddenly after the marigolds have been touched by the first light frost, the little bushes announce an uncounted store of little tight buds which grow and grow through the long, still, hazy days as if they and the frost were running a race for some unseen goal. . . . There comes a day well on in November when the garden is again the haunt of perfect loveliness. There are yellow flowers, great, soft yellows, of the color no other flower ensnares, and a bitter pungency all its own. There are pinks, soft, dull pinks with white or grey in their high lights and copper-red in their shadows. There are browns which are orange

iso, and whites which are greys, and greens and yellows as well. Ah what color! What franchise! And what abundance!—*Sarah Andrew Jafer, in "A White-Paper Garden."*

THE BLESSINGS THAT REMAIN

THERE are loved ones who are missing
From the fireside and the feast;
There are faces that have vanished;
There are voices that have ceased;
But we know they passed forever
From our mortal grief and pain,
And we thank Thee, O our Father,
For the blessings that remain.

Thanksgiving, oh, thanksgiving,
That their love once blessed us here,
That so long they walked beside us,
Sharing every smile and tear;
For the joy the Past has brought us,
But can never take away,
For the sweet and gracious memories
Growing dearer every day;
For the faith that keeps us patient,
Looking at the things unseen,
Knowing spring shall follow winter
And the earth again be green;
For the hope of that glad meeting
Far from mortal grief and pain;
We thank Thee, O our Father,
For the blessings that remain.

For the love that still is left us,
For the friends that hold us dear,
For the lives that yet may need us
For their guidance and their cheer;
For the work that waits our doing,
For the help we can bestow,
For the care that watches o'er us,
Whereso'er our steps may go;
For the simple joys of living,
For the sunshine and the breeze,
For the beauty of the flowers
And the laden orchard trees,
For the night and for the starlight,
For the rainbow and the rain—
Thanksgiving, O our Father,
For the blessings that remain.

—*Annie Johnson Flint,*
in Christian Endeavor World.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

THE WORLD'S LONGEST BRIDGE

ACROSS the waters of Lake Pontchartrain and following the shore to the gates of New Orleans they are fast bringing to completion the longest concrete highway bridge in the world. The structure has two bascule draws and is 14.5 miles in length. For the first time in over two cen-

turies the city will be given an outlet to the north and east for vehicular traffic, and motor tourists to Gulf ports or anywhere along the Old Spanish trail, can enjoy practically an unbroken stretch between Jacksonville and San Diego. In addition to the New Orleans Pontchartrain Bridge some \$62,000,000 is now being spent to give the southern tourist the same type of highways that have contributed so much to the growth of motor touring in the north.

When a Winnipeg man opened a newspaper sent him from Honolulu, a blue and white butterfly dropped out and fluttered about the room. It had traveled more than 4,000 miles through the mails.

A single pair of chiffon hose contains the silk from 333 silkworms.

Evidences of tuberculosis of the spine were found in an Egyptian mummy dating back to about 2500 B.C.

The drone bee has 13,800 eyes, the worker 6,400 and the queen 4,900.

An order on a local barber for a permanent wave was the prize won by Thomas Mooney at a New Jersey church social. Mr. Mooney is bald.

The Delaware River Bridge between Philadelphia and Camden, New Jersey, has been crossed by nearly 5,000,000 motor vehicles in its first year of operation, beginning July 4, 1926. Tolls of more than \$2,000,000 have been collected.

The Canadian Parliament believes it has the oldest and youngest members of any legislative body. George Casimir Dessaulles, senator, is ninety-nine years of age, while Louis M. Auger, member of the House of Commons, is but twenty-three.

A stick of long-leaved pine, 10 x 10, which formed a part of the old roof of the White House, was found to be as sound as the day it was put in, 127 years ago.

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon did not hang. They were in reality a series of terraces supported by arches, rising one above another, like giant steps, to a height of 350 feet. The framework and the twenty-foot-thick wall surrounding the gardens were made of stone.—*Clipped from The Automobilist.*

Two faces were close together, the man's grim, tense; the other face was small and white, with two slender hands pressed tightly against it. It was those frail hands that riveted the man's horrified gaze.

"My heavens!" he said still staring, and in his voice was hopeless stark tragedy, for that other face was the face of his watch, and those little hands told him that he had missed the last train home.—*M. P. Johnson in Judge.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Austin, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

OFFER

The First Parish (Brookline) Branch will send packages of old Christmas cards to those who apply to:

Miss Martha Suter, 23 Dudley St., Brookline, Mass.

REQUESTS

1. Mrs. Lee M. Kilby, Rugby, Va., R. 1, sends her thanks to *Cheerful Letter* friends for their kindness in answering previous requests. She would enjoy good magazines such as *McCall's*, *Modern Priscilla* and *Pictorial Review*. For her little daughter Irene, eleven years old, she asks for embroidery thread and material with which to dress her dolls.

2. Mrs. Mertie Stuart, Rugby, Va., R. 1, Box 20, would appreciate any cheer for herself or two little children, ages four and six years, the *Cheerful Letter* friends would like to send to her. Mrs. Stuart is a widow.

3. Mrs. Apie Sexton of Edison, N. C., is the mother of eight children, seven boys and one

girl. Her husband is a minister with four churches in his charge, which causes him to be away from home nearly all the time. She hopes that she and her children may receive instructive and entertaining reading from the *Cheerful Letter*.

4. I want to thank you for the *Cheerful Letter* and will say that it certainly has brought cheer to me in my lonely hours. I am a widow. My mother lives with me and a small boy. I will thank you for any thing you send to cheer us three, and pray God's blessings upon you all. Thanking you, Mrs. Aurelia K. Weston, Box 22, Navassa, N. C.

5. I am a young man 22 years of age and live out in the country. Will some of you kind people please send me a Bible dictionary. I am very much interested in Bible reading. Any help on that subject will be greatly appreciated.

As reference I give my pastor's name, Rev. Lee Dallinger, Helton, N. C. Elisha Blivington, R. D. 2, Box 83, Whitetop, Va.

6. I want to thank all the dear ones that have

sent me quilt pieces, books, magazines and papers of any kind, and ask them to please remember me through the coming fall and winter months with quilt pieces, embroidery thread, books or magazines of any kind. I would also like to get an A B C book for my little five-year-old boy and just anything to amuse the children would be appreciated more than words can tell. Mrs. Lelah Mabe, Lawsonville, N. C.

7. Mrs. Lillie Morgan, Decatur, Tenn., R. 2, would like "Alice in Wonderland" for her children, also cards. Magazines for herself would be appreciated.

8. Mrs. Blanche Dolinger, Whitetop, Va., R. 2, Box 48, would like to hear from *Cheerful Letter* people. She lives far from neighbors and must stay closely at home with the little ones. Soon there will be another little one and any help or cheer she could receive for her little family she would greatly appreciate.

9. Mrs. L. L. Pack, Dabney, Ark., has eight children ranging in ages from one to sixteen years. She says "Please send me something to amuse the kiddies: books, magazines, paper dolls, water colors, cards, any of these would be greatly enjoyed."

10. It has been a long time since I have heard from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I hope I haven't been forgotten. I would like to have a correspondent or two to cheer the lonely hours, as it has been very lovely since the death of our darling last fall. I would love good reading of any kind as I am by myself and get very lonely. Mrs. Lelia Williams, Naola, Va.

11. Mrs. Girtha Tyson lives now at Oakboro, N. C. She hopes to be remembered with any kind of cheer as in the past.

12. Mrs. E. Z. Powers, Bina, N. C., would like the *Cheerful Letter* magazine. She would appreciate cards, books or games for her two children, ages eight and nine years.

13. Miss Atah Morgan, Decatur, Tenn., R. 2, asks to be remembered through the coming season with reading and any bits of cheer the *Cheerful Letter* people will send her.

14. Mrs. Mary (Dewey) Camden, State Colony, Madison Heights, Va., wishes to thank everyone who has sent reading, pictures and toys to herself and her children. They have received much pleasure. She hopes that the children will be remembered by *Cheerful Letter* friends at Christmas time.

15. Mrs. Jestin Barker, Grassy Creek, N. C., would like crochet thread or embroidery cotton with which to teach her little girls to do fancy work. Good books and magazines will also be very greatly appreciated.

16. I am writing to thank all the dear *Cheerful Letter* readers for all the good reading, magazines, books, papers, pictures and cards, that have been sent to myself and children. The children were

delighted with everything they got. I certainly do appreciate everyone's kindness. If anyone could send me bits of thread or any remnants I would be much pleased, or anything for my children. I have four children, two girls, 14 and 12 years old, two boys 9 and 4 years old. (Mrs.) Effie Anderson, R. F. D. 2, Pembroke, Va.

17. It has been a long time since I have heard from the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I live in mountain country, very thinly settled. My husband's health being bad keeps me home most all the time, especially in winter I get very lonely. I am asking the friends to please remember me with stamped pieces of linen if they have some left overs and thread. These would be much appreciated and many thanks in advance. Please remember my two little boys with nice story books, Charles, 13 years, and Elgin, 9 years. Mr. Roberson would like a good farm paper. Mrs. Mary J. Roberson, Box 32, Elamsville, Va.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Girtha Tyson lives now at Oakboro, N. C.

NOTICE—No attention will be paid to applications written in lead pencil, unsigned applications, or those without a reference.

TO A GRANDCHILD

THERE'S never a beautiful dream gets lost

At all, at all!

'Tis the angels themselves do be gathering them

Both great and small—

And keeping them where it's maybe, aroon,

You'll be passing them by,

Unless 'tis yourself has the hearing ear

And the seeing eye.

And if you have these there'll be never a day

That comes, asthore,

But you'll find to your hand the tools for your task,

And more, and more.

Is it friends that you have been wishful for,

Or place, or power?

'Tis a King you can serve there where you stand

This very hour!

And seeking His kingdom all else that you need

Will be added to you,

And angels, my darlin', be guiding your feet

Where dreams come true.

—Blanche Balfour,
in the *Christian Science Monitor*.

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES, NO. 8

Now that the days have come when school fills the larger part of the child's life, a word of caution is advisable. After the summer freedom with open windows and outdoor life, everyone feels the change, and susceptibility to contagion and infectious illness is increased. Fall is a period of epidemics and colds, and children's diseases are rampant, so that it is wise to keep throat and nose passages clean by means of gargle and spray. While many good preparations are procurable, none is better than simple kitchen salt and warm water. If no spray is available, this solution may be sniffed up the nose from the palm of the hand. Care, however, should be taken not to use enough to run into the passages to the ears from those of the nose remaining there to cause trouble. For this reason a glass "nose-boat," though good if carefully handled, should not be put in the hands of children.

When used, the head should be tipped well on the side, so that the liquid poured into the nostril which is uppermost shall flow out of the lower one. This also applies to a fountain syringe which will effectually clear the nose passages if clogged by cold in the head. Colds, if taken in hand early, are helped by steaming, breathing the steam of water in kettle or bowl in which eucalyptus, laudanum, menthol crystals, creosote, etc., has been dropped. A tendency to colds shows low vitality, as no one acquires an infectious cold when in good condition unless subjected to an unusual degree of exposure. Coughing and sneezing persons, however, should be isolated as much as possible, and close contact avoided **even if one is in good health.**

Physicians are now confident that tests of anti-toxin for diseases of children have proved them unharmed and advocate their general use. This is especially true of those which immunize from measles and diphtheria, but many urge their use against scarlet fever, typhoid, etc., and, of course, vaccination against the smallpox. Even with light cases of any serious illness, many serious troubles follow in their train, and they are to be deplored, however light the infection appears.

Care has to be taken to leave sufficient time between inoculations so that the system remains in normal condition; and only those expert in such matters are fitted to perform them.

The best protection of any kind against illness is, after all, health, which implies a condition robust enough to throw off infection or contagion and which is only assured by means of right food and plenty of wholesome exercise. For the city child, the latter becomes more and more of a problem, and especially so as cold weather prevents the use of playgrounds, so that each com-

munity should give serious thought to the provision of substitutes. Churches are beginning to supply indoor play places and are greatly to be commended for so doing, if proper supervision is included.

In homes where space permits, gym equipment of a simple nature should be part of play provision. A sliding board which folds to put away is suggested, and a climbing and sliding pole will delight children of all ages. A strong rope, rings, swing or trapeze may be hung as desired from heavy hooks strongly set in ceiling or doorway. Sometimes there is a place where post supports may be placed by a carpenter, if not in the house, in the barn or outdoors, to which such equipment may be attached, and in which a horizontal bar may be used and holes bored for peg climbing hand over hand, for the older children. An old mattress between the posts or under the hooks may save many bruises, or even broken bones, for one must expect some falls. Oversight is desirable to prevent strain or overexertion, but children should be allowed to try, with help at first, and when confidence is established, alone.

Another difficulty at this time of year is suitable clothing. The tendency of anxious mothers is to smother their children's bodies with clothes, over their vigorous protests, as a rule, and then wonder why they are irritable or "catch cold" easily, blaming the cold weather. A fairly sure way to test the body heat of the child is to feel inside the clothing, at neck or wrist. We forget how warm-blooded children are and clap heavy clothing on them, heavier than we should dream of wearing. Children do vary, however, as to their individual needs in this respect, and care must be used accordingly.

Overweight underclothing is especially objectionable as it becomes clammy with perspiration, and it is never necessary as outer garments may be added at any time to meet a drop in temperature. Babies in carriages, asleep or awake, are often subjected to over-bundling, although they should be thoroughly protected from wind, and in the house, if it is warm, there is no reason for loading them with clothing. The neck and throat should never be made tender by furs, etc., though in excessively cold weather extra apparel should, of course, be put on and ears covered, even with quite old children. Don't put on hoods or ear-muffs before they are needed, however, as children carry over their summer hardening for quite a time, and for a while the extra stimulus of meeting slight briskness and chill clothed in summer apparel is of benefit instead of being harmful.

Be sure to continue their daily skin exposure, sun baths, when possible, with open window or balcony, and if not, romping on a bed or on a mattress on the floor where there are no draughts. Rooms in which children live should never be

over seventy or under sixty-five, when they are awake. They vary as to the amount of cold air needed for sleeping, as do adults, but perfect ventilation should be provided, for day and night. If there are no ventilators, lower the upper part of the window an inch or two to assure this, as scientists tell us that moving air is vital to us. In spite of acquired fears, circulating air will not produce colds, the contrary being the fact; but prolonged blowing of air on a heated part of the body (the nerves of the head and those between the shoulder blades are especially sensitive) will lower vitality and make for susceptibility to contagion or produce local congestion.

Many persons of all ages are benefited by outdoor winter sleeping, but not everyone, by any means. An excitable, nervous child or grown person is overstimulated by it and is better off in a room supplied with changing air, with windows open top and bottom, but not sufficiently so as to make it very cold. It is astonishing how little space open is necessary to provide ventilation in cold weather.

This is also the time of year to change our meals, heating foods being utilized more generously, and cooling ones discarded or used sparingly. Cooked fruits are less chilling than raw and should be eaten if there is low vitality and poor reaction to cold. Pork is heating for those who can take care of it, bacon being desirable on account of its fat. Hot cereals should be substituted for cold, soup served frequently, and all hearty foods such as eggs, meat, cheese and baked beans can be more indulged in, if exercise is taken to insure the use of them by the body. Sugar and candy are quickly heating to the blood and are more easily taken care of in winter than in hot weather, but are best given immediately after a meal and when little or no starches or sweets are eaten. Give children simple, pure candy such as molasses taffy (the home-made is best), fruit sticks or drops, rock-candy and maple sugar. Chocolate is hard to digest, in candy or as a beverage. For a wholesome hot drink for children and invalids, that made from cocoa shells is suggested. Pop-corn is in the market and is exceedingly palatable and nourishing. Try it as a supper dish with salt or butter.

Special care should be given to variety in diet if appetites are to remain assured. Winter vegetables should be cooked in as many different ways as possible to vary their monotony, if those out of season are not included in the family budget, and should be made to look as appetizing as possible so that all will be tempted to eat as much as is required to meet the needs of cold weather.

Suggestions and questions in regard to "Good Health" Notes should be sent to Mrs. Laura R. Donnell, 949 West End Avenue, New York City, N. Y. These will be gladly received by Mrs. Donnell and dealt with to the best of her ability.

TO LIFT OR TO LEAN

THERE are two kinds of people on earth today,
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say,
Not the saint and the sinner, for 'tis well understood

The good are half bad and the bad are half good;
Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth

You must first know the state of his conscience
and health;

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man;
Not the happy and sad, for the swift-flying years
Bring each man his laughter, and each man his tears.

No! the two kinds of people on earth that I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.
Where'er you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes;
And, oddly enough, you find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.
In what class are you? Are you easing the load
Of over-taxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THANKSGIVING FOUNDERS

- (1) 29-34-21-22-23-3-36-27-8-25-15-28-30
- (2) 4-6-2-10 24-20-11-18
- (3) 7-5-33-9-35-31
- (4) 13-16-12-17-14
- (5) 1-26-32-19

- (1) Schools for little children.
- (2) Raisin pudding.
- (3) Bestowing.
- (4) Worthless matter.
- (5) A central state.

When you have written the letters of the defined words in the places of the numbers, begin at letter numbered 1 and proceed in order to 36, and obtain an historical event that occurred in November.—*American Boy*.

NOAH'S ARK CONTEST

ANSWER with the name of an animal:

1. A city in the State of New York.
2. A mock court.
3. A brand of dates.
4. An Italian nobleman and that which fits a lock.
5. That which grows on the head.
6. Never been used.
7. An abbreviation for the second day of the week and the means for locking.
8. Parts of a chain.
9. A bridle and precious.

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

FAVORITE RECIPES

Rice de Luxe.—Boil $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cupful of rice in 2 cupfuls of quickly-boiling salted water; add 1 cupful of stock free from fat; pour this over a well-beaten egg and reheat, stirring all the time; add a squeeze of lemon juice before serving.

Bread Potage.—Take 1 pint of boiling stock; mix 1 cupful of breadcrumbs or soaked crusts mashed to pulp, with a cupful of grated cheese, and nutmeg to taste; stir in a well-beaten egg and stir all together for five minutes or a little longer.

Last-of-the-Season Pickles.—2 quarts green tomatoes, 3 large onions, 6 large red peppers, 1 large ripe cucumber, 3 pints vinegar, 2 pounds sugar, 1 teaspoon black pepper, 1 cup salt, 1 quart red tomatoes, 3 large green peppers, 3 cups cabbage, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup celery seed, 1 tablespoon ground mustard. Slice tomatoes thin. Chop peppers, cucumber, onions and cabbage before measuring. Sprinkle with salt and set aside for one hour. Drain and add vinegar, spices and sugar and cook slowly for one hour after boiling point is reached.

Cucumber Rings.—Twelve medium sized cucumbers, two cups of sugar, four cups of vinegar, two level tablespoons of whole cloves, two level tablespoons of allspice, one level tablespoon of whole mace, one tablespoon of sliced preserved ginger root, one stick of cinnamon, two tablespoons of chopped red pepper, salt.

Pare cucumbers and cut into half-inch or three-quarter-inch slices; remove the seeds with an apple corer, sprinkle the cucumber liberally with salt, put into a colander and let drain for two hours; then rinse with cold water. Put the vinegar and the sugar into a preserving kettle; tie the spices in a small piece of cheese cloth, and put them into the vinegar and sugar, boil for five minutes; then add the cucumber rings; bring to a boil and simmer slowly for 30 minutes.

Fill into sterilized pint jars while hot. Seal at once; when cold, store in a cool, dry place.

Dill Pickles.—Grape leaves, bunch of dill, cabbage leaves, $1\frac{1}{2}$ gallons water, 1 pound coarse salt, 1 peck 6-inch cucumbers. Add salt to water, bring to boiling point, skim. Scrub cucumbers, dry, put layer in bottom of crock, add layer of grape leaves, then bunch of dill. Repeat until all cucumbers are used and cover top with cabbage leaves. Put 10-pound weight on and fill with brine. Cover and let stand until cucumbers are transparent and light in color—two to three weeks.

Pumpkin Chips.—Two pounds pumpkin rind, two lemons, one dried ginger root, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds granulated sugar, two-thirds cup water, if needed. Remove outer skin and seeds, and cut rind into strips about one inch wide. Cut strips

crosswise into thin chips. Place the chips in a deep dish with alternate layers of sliced lemon and sugar. Allow to stand 24 hours. Add the water and ginger and cook gently until the pumpkin is transparent and tender and syrup like honey. Pour into hot jars and seal with paraffin. Serve with fowl and cold meat.

HANDY HINTS

Wash discolored flower vases first of all in strong soda water if there is no gilt or pattern on them, otherwise leave the soda out altogether. Next fill with vinegar or tea leaves. Shake well and let them stand for a few minutes, then rinse again thoroughly, and dry with a clean, soft cloth. This treatment is generally effective. If it fails get a few cents worth of oxalic acid (poison), moisten a flannel with it, and rub the stained part; but remember that oxalic acid should be very carefully handled, and must not be allowed to touch the hands.

After washing fine china, spread the pieces out till cool instead of packing them on top of each other. The warmth is apt to crack the glaze. Do not use soap on gilt china.

For paint stains, rub with turpentine or benzine or, if very obstinate, they can be removed by touching with chloroform.

Rubbing lamp chimneys with salt after washing gives them a surprising brilliancy.

Perspiration stains should be removed by rubbing with soap and laying the garment in the hot sun.

To take the shine from clothing, sponge these shiny places with boiling hot vinegar, rub vigorously, then press as usual with a hot iron.

In making bread or rolls, put a saucepan of boiling water in the oven. The steam will keep the crust smooth and tender.

Place sandwiches in earthen dish. Set dish in pan of cold water and they will keep fresh and moist for several hours.

SPEAK TO THE JANITOR

"My apartment is just full of curios and antiques."

"That's too bad. Can't you do anything to get rid of them?"

MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

THE Museum of the American Indian, in New York, had its inception more than twenty-two years ago, when its present director, George G. Heye, began the systematic accumulation of objects pertaining to the American Indian. A representative gathering of earthenware vessels from prehistoric Pueblo ruins in New Mexico was the first important collection. From this the

collections have so greatly and so rapidly increased that they have already outgrown the new building. Owing to the limitations of space it has been necessary to present to the public view only small synoptic series of objects illustrating in an admittedly meager way the culture of the Indians they represent.

The director and founder of the museum, George G. Heye, is not the type of man one usually associates with the painstaking collection of Indian relics. He does not wear thick, horn-rimmed spectacles. He is neither hollow-chested nor stoop-shouldered. He is over six feet tall and weighs more than two hundred pounds. Round-faced, and smooth-shaven, he resembles rather the successful go-getter type of business executive portrayed in advertisements, than a collector of antiquities.

Mr. Heye is a native of New York City. Upon graduation from the School of Mines at Columbia University in 1896, young Heye went West. While engaged in an engineering project in Arizona, he became interested in Indian relics. His interest soon developed beyond the craze for collecting things common among most visitors to that section of the country. From the first, he was fortunate in having the active interest and aid of his mother, the late Marie Antoinette Heye, who subsequently financed some very valuable expeditions in South America. The profitable researches of Dr. Marshall H. Saville, of Columbia University, in the archeology of the Andean and coast regions of South America, from Southern Ecuador northward to Darien, were made possible by her cooperation.

As the years passed, Mr. Heye's interest in piecing together the fragments of the Indian's history became keener. His collection grew until there is no other that even approximates it in its scope or worth. At first the collection was housed in a loft but it soon outgrew its quarters. A large part of the collection was loaned to the University of Pennsylvania Museum, where it was exhibited until the new building was completed.

Besides the specimens collected by Mr. Heye and his staff, the museum has received more than 24,000 objects from those connected with it only through sympathy with its endeavors.

Among the notable objects procured by the museum are two wampum belts presented to William Penn by the Indians. Those important relics had been taken to England by the Penn family but they were bought and brought back to America. A wampum belt was also retrieved which had been presented to an Indian chief by Penn.

The popular conception of a museum devoted to relics of ancient civilizations is a dusty, dark, and dismal place packed helter-skelter with odds and ends, labeled chiefly with flyspecks. The

Museum of the American Indian is different. It is the last word in museum construction and equipment. It is well lighted and well ventilated. The objects are neatly and meticulously arranged in shining glass cases. Although there are more than 2,000,000 objects stored in the building and only one-third of them are on view, they are so carefully indexed and catalogued that museum investigators can place their fingers on them at a moment's notice.

A pipe lover would be amazed to see the variety of pipes used by the Indians; and they were by no means inferior to the ones in use today. Some of the pipes in the collection were smoked one thousand years before Columbus discovered America. There are all shapes and sizes. An Eskimo pipe of carved ivory; an elaborately carved pipe, brilliantly colored, from British Columbia; pipes of clay, stone and wood. The art of making beautiful pipes died out upon the appearance of the white man and his cheap clay pipe of civilization. The Indians adopted the clay pipe in preference to those of their own manufacture. Through lack of practice the pipe-makers lost their knack for carving.

A primitive device for "radio broadcasting" used by the Tucano Indians of Brazil is one of the interesting exhibits. These natives devised a sending outfit which may look crude but worked very well. The sending set consists of a drum, hollowed out of a section of a tree trunk. The task was arduous, for the scraping had to be done through four holes barely large enough to permit the entrance of the hand. The "drum" was hung by vines from the limb of a tall tree usually by the bank of a river. The "operator" tapped out his simple code with a heavy drumstick. The sound could be heard for several miles and messages picked up satisfactorily. The "radio-outfit" was very valuable in time of war. Warnings could be flashed from tribe to tribe of the approach of a common enemy. The late Herbert Ward, artist and adventurer, who spent five years in the heart of the Congo district, brought back reports that a similar device was in use there.

Probably the most unusual specimens in the entire collection are the shrunken heads from Ecuador. The museum possesses an entire shrunken body. Heads are plentiful but the entire body is very rare.

The scientists associated with the Museum of the American Indian are in a very real sense working against time. In the first place, few college men are going into the field of ethnology and archeology these days. Whether or not their aversion for the work is due to the lack of financial rewards, the fact remains that almost all the men engaged in research among the remains of ancient civilizations are well past middle age and many of them are white-haired.—*The Dearborn Independent*.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

PUMPKINS

Six jolly pumpkins lay ripening in the sun. A while ago you wouldn't have noticed them, for they were as green as the pumpkin vine itself and were quite hidden under its big leaves. The little cornpatch where they grew was green, too. But now the cornstalks had dried and been cut down and the pumpkins shone upon the ground like yellow moons. Day after day they grew bigger and more golden, and day after day they sang their jolly pumpkin song together:

We roam the cornpatch through
Our husky vine's a beauty;
We're pumpkins round and true,
And well we know our duty.

And then, as if that wasn't enough, they shouted all together, so that every man, woman and child who passed couldn't help hearing, "Pies! That's what we're going to be, pun'-kin pies!"

"Sure enough!" answered the passers-by, "Peter's got some fine pumpkins. He'll have plenty of pies this winter!"

PETER, PETER

Peter, you must understand, was the little man who lived in the little house that stood in the little garden where the little corn patch was, where the six jolly pumpkins lay ripening in the sun. Peter, you know, was very fond of pumpkins—so fond, in fact, that he was often called "Peter Pun'-kin-eater." He would unlock his little door and come hopping and skipping into his little garden and look at the six jolly pumpkins gleaming like yellow moons in the little corn patch. Then he would rub his hands together and say, "Pun'-kin pies! That's what they're going to be, sure enough!" And everybody was very happy—at least the pumpkins were.

Peter used to be happy. It used to make him happy just to look at his golden pumpkins, and afterward just to eat his pumpkin pies. Lately, however, he hadn't felt quite right whenever he had looked at the six jolly pumpkins. He didn't know just what it was. He wasn't exactly unhappy, but somehow or other he wasn't quite satisfied.

"There are six of them," he used to say, as he listened to their jolly pumpkin song, "there are six of them and only one of me." And then for about five minutes he stood quite still and looked very hard at the six jolly pumpkins. Then he snapped his fingers and twirled on his toes and went hopping and skipping back into his little house and shut and locked the door again. He always kept the door locked, did Peter, though really there wasn't any need of it, for nobody ever tried to come in. "Peter, Peter, Pun'-kin-

eater," they used to say, and that was all they thought about it.

THE ALL-ALONE PUMPKIN

But the six jolly pumpkins are not the whole story. There was another pumpkin on the husky pumpkin vine, that Peter didn't know a thing about. Neither did the six jolly pumpkins, either, for it wasn't in the little corn patch at all. It was in the field back of the little garden, all alone. You see, when the pumpkin vine first began to grow, one branch ran over the stone wall at the end of the garden and dropped down into the field, and that was where the very first pumpkin grew. And if the six jolly pumpkins were like yellow moons, the all-alone pumpkin was like a golden sun, for it was as big as all the six jolly pumpkins put together. It lay in the field among the tall grasses where nobody saw it, and it looked up at the great round sun that shone upon it, and it, too, sang its pumpkin song, though very softly, to itself:

When I was young I tried to see
How big and round I could grow to be.
I grew in the sun and I grew in the rain,
I grew with all my might and main.
I grew and I grew so steadily
That now I am ready for my destiny.

"I really don't know what I was made for," added the all-alone pumpkin, "but the thing I'd like most is to be a golden coach and take Cinderella to the ball."

JACK-O'-LANTERN

Just then along came Jeff and Joe, roaming through the tall grass of the field, having a good time as boys do, and looking for whatever treasure they could find, and all at once they came upon the all-alone pumpkin.

"Ho!" said Jeff, sitting down on the pumpkin, "this would make a dandy jack-o'-lantern for the party at the schoolhouse tomorrow night!"

"Wouldn't it, just!" replied Joe, "but it's Peter's and he likes pun'-kin pies. He'll never let us have it!"

"Let's try, anyway," said Jeff. "We'll ask him to come to the party, too. Perhaps he'd like ice cream and cake and other things as well if he tasted them."

So they left the all-alone pumpkin in the field and ran up to the door of Peter's little house and knocked with their knuckles, for there wasn't any knocker nor any bell. The door was locked as usual, of course, but Peter heard the knock, and he was so surprised to hear it that he stood quite still for about three minutes, for nobody had ever knocked at his door before. Presently there came another knock, and then Peter unlocked the door and opened it—just a crack.

"Will you please," began Jeff—
 "Come to the neighborhood party at the schoolhouse," interrupted Joe quickly.

"And let us have the big pumpkin in the field or a jack-o'-lantern," finished Jeff.

Peter fairly gasped with surprise as he repeated. Party at the schoolhouse! Pumpkin in the field?"

"Yes," said both boys in one breath, "back of the corn patch. We'll show you!"

Peter flung the door wide open, and down the garden path they all three went together. "Pun'kin pies!" shouted the six jolly pumpkins as they passed, but nobody paid any attention to them at all.

CINDERELLA'S COACH

When Peter saw the all-alone pumpkin in the field he was so surprised that he sat right down in it and kept quite still for about two minutes, without saying a word. Then he felt in his pocket for his jackknife, and looked up with a wondering smile at the boys' eager faces.

"It'll make a dandy jack-o'-lantern, sure enough," he said, opening his knife slowly.

But hardly had he got it open when a most amazing thing happened. The husky pumpkin vine with its great green leaves and its all alone pumpkin with Peter sitting on the top of it began to run! It ran to the edge of the field, and went galloping down the hill to the road, and Joe and Jeff ran along with it. It ran across the road, and over the bridge across the creek, and up the little hill on the other side, and down the path and up the steps, and there they all were at the schoolhouse door. (Surely nobody who reads this will be at all surprised when he realizes how swiftly thought can travel.)

It was party night, and the schoolhouse was brightly lighted. All the fathers and mothers and children were already on hand. Joe and Jeff helped Peter off the pumpkin, and then they carried it into the schoolhouse and set it on the windowsill, and everybody said, "How'do, Peter!" And everybody else said, "What a perfectly wonderful jack-o'-lantern!"

"Aye," said Peter, as he rubbed his hands together, "you may call it a jack-o'-lantern, but it's Cinderella's coach to me!" And you can just imagine how the pumpkin felt when it heard that!

That was a wonderful party, to be sure! Peter ate ice cream and cake and nuts and apples and popcorn and everything else but pumpkin pies. There weren't any pumpkin pies there, for nobody had any pumpkins but Peter.

It was late when they all went home, and when Peter went into his little house, for the first time in his whole life he forgot to lock the door. That was the reason, perhaps, that Peter had such golden dreams that night. They came trooping

in through the open door—suns and moons and pumpkins and jack-o'-lanterns and coaches—all as gold as gold could be!

PUN'KIN PIES

When Peter woke in the morning, what do you suppose he did? He got right to work and turned his little house into a shop. He made a shop window in which he set the jack-o'-lantern that was really Cinderella's coach, for a sign. Then he put on a yellow pumpkin blossom for a cap, and a lovely, green, scalloped pumpkin leaf for an apron and he began to make pumpkin pies. He left his door open night and day, and the fragrance of Peter's pumpkin pies just filled the air. As soon as anybody sniffed that warm, spicy odor, he made straight for Peter's little shop, for he felt he just must have one of Peter's pumpkin pies.

In short, Peter became a baker, and so great was the demand for his pumpkin pies that soon he had to have two assistants, and whom should he have but Joe and Jeff. And every year they wheeled a barrow load of pumpkin pies to the neighborhood party at the schoolhouse.

As time went on, people ceased to speak of him as "Peter Pun'kin-eater," and one day they presented him with a wonderful new sign for his little shop, which read as follows:

P. PETER—PUMPKIN-PIE MAKER EXTRAORDINARY

And that's the very best part of the whole affair—at least Peter thought so.—*Gertrude de Roulowe.*

THE REWARD OF SERVICE

THE sweetest lives are those to duty wed,

Whose deeds, both great and small,
 Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
 Where love ennobles all.

The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
 The Book of Life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
 After its own life working. A child's kiss
 Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad;
 A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
 A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
 Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
 Of service which thou renderest.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

To be able to relinquish a duty upon command shows a higher grace than to be able to give up a mere pleasure for a duty.—*William Ewart Gladstone.*

It is resurrection-life that is the truest as well as the highest form of life, the surest as well as the most glorious immortality; it admits of no reversal and no decay.—*Horatius Bonar.*

AUTUMN PROMISE

To the warmer climes of Egypt
Have the storks departed long;
Swallows, too, took leave of absence,
And the larks have ceased their song.

With a note of plaintive sighing
Strips the wind the foliage gay,
For the dreamy days of summer
Have departed,—gone away.

Mists have swallowed up the forest,
That holds many memories rare;
Beauteous earth seems all enveloped
In a dusky fragrance fair.

Then, once more, the sun is breaking
Through the misty, fragrant veil,
And a ray of former glory
Streams across the hill and dale.

Warm glows cover heath and forest,
Calm assurance harboring,
That beyond the siege of winter
Lies a future day of spring.

—Theodor Storm.

Translated from the German by Elizabeth M.
Cordsen for the *Christian Science Monitor*.

ORIGINAL IN HIS TAKING OFF

CALIFORNIA ad: "This hotel will be run
by the widow of the former landlord, who did
last summer on a new and original plan."

DRIVEN TO IT

A MOTORIST reports seeing this sign in a
Vermont store: "On account of lack of space
we are compelled to sell our apples at a reasonable
price."

EVERY good deed helps to inspire others
in its kind.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount West, Quincy, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also letters offering to give books and magazines should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

4. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 9 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and fifty-nine libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.